

Dragon Drabbles

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Summary: Oneshots centering around the HTTYD universe. Always full of HiccupToothless friendship with a healthy side dosing of HiccupAstrid. Please enjoy. Takes requests, prompts and headcanons galore. CHAPTER 13: A really spoilery "How To Train Your Dragon 2" review .

1. A Dagger and A Bola

Dragon Drabbles

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><p>A Dagger and A Bola

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><p>The heavy wooden door creaked open as Hiccup pushed it. "Astrid?" he called into his home. No response. The newly-appointed Chief of Berk shrugged; he wasn't surprised. While he spent the day helping out around the village, attending trade negotiation meetings and training dragons with their new riders, Astrid often went off to the woods to train (battles still happened after all - not as often, but once in a while a tribe would be angry they wouldn't give their dragon secrets) or to talk with Ruffnut. And since he knew Ruffnut was helping the new Zippleback riders, he figured it was previous one.<p>

He stepped inside the main room, the floor creaking under his dragon's weight as Toothless entered the room. For a Chief's house, it was fairly simple. A few chairs, a table, a fireplace made of stone, and an area for preparing food further into the house.

Above the fireplace was a wooden loft area with a large slab of gray rock on it; where Toothless slept most nights. Once in a blue moon, the Night Fury would act as a guard dog. These few times had been

quite comical, when Hiccup looked back on it. At the time, after his wife had almost tripped and face-planted into the hard stone outside their door (which Toothless conveniently blocked) she furious - which entailed to lots of yelling on her part - and he had been terrified. Now, he could laugh about it. At least when Astrid wasn't around.

He sighed, happy to home after a long day. His left leg ached, and he was grateful to finally take off his blasted prosthetic. He easily sat in his chair, Toothless sitting next to him on the floor, and the dragon's tail wrapped fully around the chair and very tip of his tailfins coming onto Hiccup's boot - a sign of protectiveness. The still slightly scrawny Viking smiled at his dragon.

"Long day eh bud?" he said. Although Toothless couldn't really respond, he makes a crooning noise that Hiccup knows is his 'comforting noise' and the dragon rests his head on his rider's lap. Hiccup absentmindedly scratched behind Toothless' ear plates, and the Night Fury purred in contentment. Hiccup leaned back further in his chair, glancing at the staircase that led to the upper floor (however there's a pulley system of sorts beside it to make it easier for Hiccup to go up) and then at the fire place.

A measly dagger hung proudly on the wall of stone, and it was the first thing anyone would see when they walked into his house. Hiccup could still remember being a young boy in the forge, just learning how to craft weapons with Gobber. It had been the first dagger that had passed the blacksmith's judgement, and the little boy had excitedly shown his father. Stoick had been happy, clearly hoping that learning to make weapons would help the un-Viking-like boy wield them.

The real reason it was there was that it was The Weapon. The weapon that cut the ropes from a downed Night Fury in an act of mercy. The weapon that was tossed into the lake at the cove - leaving an unsure boy unarmed and completely at mercy of a dragon's claws - and later retrieved by the dragon and boy with matching badges of sacrifice.

Hiccup smiled at it. "We've come a long way since then, eh bud?"

Toothless made a rumbling noise of happiness. His rider took it as a sign of agreement. Then Hiccup stretched, slapped on his prosthetic again and stood up. "Want to flying?" His dragon instantly perked up, his hind quarters wiggling with excitement. Hiccup chuckled softly. "I'll take that as a yes."

The duo walked out of the house, passing Astrid on the way who knew her husband well enough by now that he was going flying but stopped him and pecked his cheek. "Be safe," she told him sternly.

"Aren't I always?" Hiccup replied. He started to walk past her as she made her way towards the house.

"As long as you don't lose another limb!" she called. Being Vikings may be an occupational hazard, but Hiccup pushed that phrase to its highest limit.

Hiccup laughed and quickly got onto Toothless' saddle. "Usual place bud."

The Night Fury took off, soaring into the bright blue sky of Berk. Clouds rolled overhead, and they had fun twisting and turning in them. Soon, they were just off Raven's Point, near the cove, and that was where Toothless landed.

It was still their special spot. No one else knew the location, save for Astrid, but either she knew it was just his and his dragon's place, or she had forgotten the way there - nobody else had ever visited them there, and they preferred it that way.

After dismounting from his dragon's back, Hiccup walked over to a tree in the cove, close to the one Toothless had hung upside down from like a bat - he would never forget that day he bonded with his dragon. He reached inside a small whole in the knot of the roots, and withdrew a tangled mess of cut rocks attached to rocks. He gave the bola a fond look.

"Remember this bud?" Toothless sniffed it and snorted with distaste, but then gave Hiccup his usual gummy smile. It had helped him meet his best friend after all. Hiccup chuckled again. "Yeah, sorry about that by the way." Toothless nudged him in the back, as if to say _Don't apologize. If you hadn't hit me down, I never would've met you._

And despite the fact that on the odd day, Hiccup would glance at Toothless' red tailfin and feel a twinge of guilt, he wouldn't change a thing either. This bola and dagger had helped to give him the best friend anybody could ever ask for - and it had revolutionized Berk to a better, bigger and brighter future than ever before.

Hiccup put the bola back in its hiding place. "Want to do some more flying?" he asked. Toothless made a rumbling noise in agreement. Hiccup hopped upon his dragon's back again, and they quickly rose through the air.

Once they were high enough, Hiccup fell from his dragon's back to enjoy the pleasant and exhilarating sensation of free-falling. Toothless always seemed to enjoy it too.

He smiled joyfully at his rider, and Hiccup returned it with his crooked smile.

At the time, the dagger had been such a small, obsolete thing. At the time, the bola had been just like any other. But now, ten years exactly since that fateful day when small, weak Hiccup did the unthinkable and let a dragon go, the two objects were some of Hiccup's most prized possessions.

Quickly, Hiccup got back in the saddle to keep them from crashing into the trees of the forest, and the pair successfully zoomed over the tips of the trees. Hiccup whooped happily, and Toothless gave a joyful roar.

It was hard to tell who was more thankful for the dagger and the bola.

Dragon Drabbles

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><p>Of Limbs and Legends

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><p>The old man you see limping around is hard to associate with the daring hero of the legend that you hear all the time. Brave Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third - the first dragon rider and defeated of the Red Death. But then you see his proud Night Fury trotting at his side, and it becomes easier to put the picture in your head and the reality side by side. Besides, the retired Chief's leg is proof if anybody need some.<p>

You gather around the annual camp fire with your friends and fellow dragon trainees as the current Chief's eldest daughter, Ideth, sits with you. She's the one who's helping you train your dragons. You think of your Nadder, Apollo. "You kids want to hear a story?" she asks with a smirk and then tears off a piece of her chicken.

"Yeah!" the kids chorus, and you join in. Hearing stories is a great past time on Berk, especially since they were still training their dragons.

"Which one?"

"What about the one where Dagur the Deranged came to the island-" your friend Ikki suggests.

"No way! The one where Snotlout the Confident and Hiccup the Hero get stuck on Outcast Island!" your brother insists.

"We should hear the story of how Hiccup the Hero befriended the Night Fury!" you say. Everyone murmurs in agreement.

"Alright," Ideth says. "Well, a very long time ago, Berk was in a state of trouble because of its pests. You see while most places have mice, or mosquitoes, we had-"

"-Dragons," a voice says.

Ideth turned around and smiled. "Grandfather." There was the old Hero, leaning heavily on his Night Fury. "Care to join us?"

You watch Hiccup in awe as he groans and sits down next to his granddaughter. The black dragon rests his head on his owner's lap, his scales graying. "I thought I should be here for my own story, after all. Please, continue." He smiles, and you train your eyes on the Night Fury. It closes its green eyes and purred as Hiccup scratched behind its head as Ideth continues the familiar story.

You listen with your full attention on the story, except for the quick glances at the legendary duo. You barely see them, and can't wrap your head around the fact that they were sitting next to you.

" 'Huh, toothless,' Hiccup says, 'I could've sworn you had' - the Night Fury quickly grabbed the fish, revealing its retractable teeth - 'teeth,' Hiccup finishes with a gulp." They all laugh as Toothless

lifts his head and gives them his usual gummy smile. Hiccup chuckles softly.

Ideth continues the story in exquisite detail, until she reaches the end, describing how the once-young Viking exited the house, using his dragon as a crutch.

"Not much has changed," the old man says, patting Toothless on the head and tapping his artificial leg with his left hand.

You look up at him, admiration shining in your eyes. "Was it hard to get over?" you burst out before you could stop yourself. You clamp your hands over your mouth immediately.

Hiccup waves a dismissive hand and you relax. "Yes, but I figured if my dragon could live with his disability, than I could do so with mine."

The group disperses afterwards. "You coming?" your brother calls. You shake your head. Now only you, Hiccup and Toothless remain. Hiccup moves to get up, the dragon once again helping him move. You pluck up the courage to ask your question.

"Hiccup, Sir," you say anxiously. "Since you're a hero, is Hiccup still a bad name?"

The man's brow furrows. "Well, it used to mean runt. Mistake. I like to think I changed their minds. Why?" He looks at you, clearly concerned and you flush.

"Well, that's my name. Hiccup the Fourth."

There's a moments pause and then Hiccup grins with crooked teeth. "Hiccup the Fourth eh?" He reaches a bony hand over and ruffles your hair. "Well, despite the fact you have a lot to live up to, I'm sure you'll blow their socks off. Like trolls. Maybe you'll even lose two limbs."

You hide your wince - you'd like to keep all your limbs intact, thank you very much - but the troll comment steals your attention. "Trolls?"

"Aye. They steal your socks. But only the left ones, what's up with that?" he jokes. You laugh. "Now, why don't we get you home?"

You walk home with your hero and his dragon, and excitedly declare to your parents that "It was the best day ever!"

3. She Chose Him

Dragon Drabbles

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><p>She Chose Him

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><p>Gothi was easily the oldest person in the village. Rumours

circulated around the people about her - like the idea that she could tell when someone was going to die by looking at your fingernails. Or your tongue. Both old wives tales, but she chuckled inwardly whenever she did leave her secluded home on top of a cliff to take a walk and see all the Vikings she came across hurriedly close their mouths and stash their hands behind their backs.<p>

As she was the oldest person in the village, she knew a lot of stories that the younger generations didn't. Heck, she was old when Stoick the Vast was a boy! Unfortunately, due to her age, she had lost the ability to speak, and Gobber the Belch was probably the worst (yet he was amusing) translator she had ever had. She couldn't share the stories, so she kept them to herself.

But one story was extremely peculiar. She could still hear her mother telling her the tale.

"A very long time ago in a faraway land, there was a lonely young Viking in his village. He wasn't very good at all the Viking things everyone else was good at, because he was the runt of the village. One day, he was enrolled in dragon training, and although his peers expected him to fail, he was soon taking down dragons even without a weapon!"

"How mama?" Gothi's chipper little voice rang out. The older Viking smiled down at her young daughter.

"Secretly, he had befriended a dragon," she continued. "He was even riding it."

"Gothi's eyes widened. "He was riding it?"

"Mmm hmm." Her mother confirmed. "That's why he was so good at defeating the dragons without hurting them. Then the village realized what he was doing, and although angry, he was able to show them that dragons weren't what they had thought they were. Then, once everyone had found their dragon, people were riding them all over the place."

"Wow . . ." Gothi then looked out the window of her home at Berk, where a dragon raid was currently happening. Vikings were armed to the teeth and slashing and throwing weapons everywhere to bring down the beasts that stole their food. She started to giggle. Vikings riding dragons. As if that would ever happen.

Gothi had been very young back then, and at the moment was shaking her head at her mother's foolish bedtime story. Her mother had always been in awe of the dragons - in fact, Fishlegs Ingerman reminded Gothi of her mother quite a bit. Many people called her mother frivolous, since she enjoyed studying more than weapon wielding. It was like her to think up of ridiculous fantasies. She knew her mom had made the Dragon-Rider the way he was, because her mother had been ostracized quite a bit in the village when she was younger, until she made many useful discoveries about dragons that got put in the Dragon Manual.

Speaking of ostracized villagers, Gothi peered down into the Training Arena. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third had finally been enrolled, and wasn't doing too well with the Gronckle.

She remembered when the boy had been born. A tiny thing, a runt. Val and Stoick had been trying for a while for a baby, and then this hiccup had popped out. The little life's fate had been in her hands - if she said he was strong enough, he wouldn't be left on the hills to die, as was the traditional Viking way. The truth was, Gothi hadn't thought he was strong enough to be a good Viking, but had said he was anyway. Perhaps it was childhood sentiment of her favourite bedtime story hero, or Val and Stoick's anxious faces that made her doubt herself.

Whichever one, she was glad. Although the boy was a screw-up, there had been many a times when she came out of her house at the end of a dragon raid to hear his sniping, sarcastic comments and she had bit back a smile, his latest one her favourite ("The village could do with a little less feeding, don't you think?").

Luckily, thanks to Gobber, the scrawny child would survive another day.

Then things got odd.

Hiccup started excelling at dragon training. The oddest thing of all, was that he was doing it without a weapon. She cocked her head slightly the first time, looking for the secret through the fog as he forced the Zippleback into its cage. Then taking down the Gronckle, and the Nadder and the Terrible Terror. All without harming the creature.

Gothi didn't know how Hiccup was managing it, but she didn't mind. He was a good boy, and his father was ecstatic. But she noticed the way Hiccup would leave for hours and often spend the night in the forest. Something was unusual.

And then, while taking a walk late at night one day, she heard some loud noises coming from the forge. She cocked her head and studied the building. Astrid Hofferson was striding over it, and the Viking girl and Hiccup began to have a nervous (on Hiccup's part, anyway) conversation.

Then Hiccup vanished, and there was a gust of wind. As Astrid barged into the forge, Gothi turned her head in the direction of the sound. A dark, easily distinguishable shape was clear against the bright full moon. A small dragon, by the looks of it. And a very human-like shape.

She blinked, to make sure she wasn't seeing things. The dragon did a loop-da-loop and skinny sticks shot out of the human-like shape. Arms.

She leaned on her cane, the startling realization coming to her as her eyes never left the shape against the moon, which was now blending into darkness. Unlike any dragon could, except for one.

By Thor. . . The boy really had hit a Night Fury! He must've gone to it alone - and had somehow befriended it. And was flying!

She continued on the way to her house, her mother's words ringing in her head. _He was soon taking down dragons even without a weapon_. . . _Secretly, he had befriended a dragon. . . He was even riding it. . . _

It all made sense. She entered into her home, shaking. The story she had once dismissed as ridiculous was now happening before her very eyes. She closed her eyes and sat on her wooden bed. What should she do? The final competition was coming up very soon for the honour of killing a Monstrous Nightmare, and Hiccup was the most likely candidate for the job.

Gothi frowned, thinking hard. Her mother's tale had been true, for the most part. The runt, the dragon, riding it. Her mother had had a reputation of being able to predict the future - had that been a prediction, secretly veiled in a story?

When the day came to pick, and Hiccup had downed the Gronckle, Gothi knew what she had to do. He had to fulfill his destiny. So she chose him.

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><p>It is my firm belief that Gothi knew what was going on, that crafty old lady.

4. That Day

That Day

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><p>That day, Toothless was with his rider in his last moments.<p>

Hiccup had been bedridden for a few years now. The only thing that could get him out of bed, was flying and the bathroom. He still loved to fly, felt the years of age and all the hardships he had experienced melt off of him. He also refused to deny Toothless the dragon's most basic want - the one that brought them together in the first place.

But for the last two weeks, Toothless had adamantly refused to go flying. He knew the cold winds weren't good for Hiccup's already damaged health. He stayed by the bed, all day, every day. The retired Chief would fall into violent coughing fits, and it was up to his granddaughter Ideth to take care of him, for her father was the Chief, and Astrid had passed on a few years before.

Some days though, Ideth or one of Hiccup's other children or grandchildren couldn't take care of him all the time. Ideth had left briefly, saying she needed to check on her nephew Jonsi quickly, and was gone for half an hour. That was when Hiccup passed.

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><p>"Look at me buddy," Hiccup croaked. Toothless' large, concerned green eyes met his smaller sad one's. Toothless knew his human was dying, he could feel it, feel the life leave the frail body. He put his hands on either side of the large, scaly head. "You are amazing, Toothless."<p>

Toothless put his head under Hiccup's arm and rested his warm head

lightly, gently, on Hiccup's chest. Hiccup sighed with pleasure; despite the crackling fire and the blankets piled up on him, his body was still cold, but Toothless filled it with warmth. "Y-you're the best friend I ever had." He began coughing, and Toothless waited patiently. He knew his boy wasn't done talking yet.

Hiccup closed his eyes, and when he opened them, he resumed eye contact with his dragon. And Toothless, easily, saw the old man transform back into the young boy who was trying to kill a Night Fury. "I know this is going to be hard for you, with me, being gone. The fact that dragons live much longer than humans, it'll be a while until we meet again."

Toothless' eyes seemed to say, _Thank you for summing that up. _Hiccup laughed softly, and then dissolved into another coughing fit. Toothless hated the sound, recognized it as meaning his human - his rider and most trusted, most loved friend - wasn't getting better.

"But, we will meet again," Hiccup said firmly. He placed his warm, familiar palm on Toothless' snout, and the dragon nuzzled it. And again, he saw the frail man transform back into the young, brave boy who decided to trust him not to take his hand off. He knew Hiccup was thinking along the same lines. Hiccup smiled softly, showing his familiar crooked teeth. Toothless returned it with a gummy smile of his own. Hiccup wrapped his frail arms around the dragon's thick neck and hugged him tightly.

Toothless, although initially surprised when Hiccup had hugged him all those years ago at his first Snoggletog, leaned into it carefully, knowing he was much more powerful than Hiccup. He lightly put his head on top of the man's. Hiccup withdrew, his body growing weaker by the second. He placed his hand back on Toothless' snout, once again maintaining eye contact with his dragon.

"Thank you for nothing, you useless reptile," Hiccup wheezed, half-smiling. Toothless made a sad and desperate sounding crooning noise. He drew in a rattling breath that was hard to take. Toothless could feel the warmth fading from Hiccup's hand. "I love you Toothless."

Hiccup's hand went limp on the dragon's still snout. His glassy eyes stared without seeing into Toothless' eyes.

Just like they were in the beginning.

Toothless blew air threw his nostrils on Hiccup's forehead, tossing strands of his remaining gray hair up and down, trying to wake him like the dragon did nearly seventy years ago after the defeat of the Red Death. When Hiccup didn't make any movements, Toothless made a long whining sound as grief filled him up to the brim.

The Night Fury nuzzled the old man in the side, because he had to wake up - Hiccup couldn't be dead. _Hiccup couldn't be dead! _Nothing happened, despite his best efforts. Ideth came in a moment later and gasped, the pitcher of water she was carrying shattering on the floor. She raced out of the room, and soon Hiccup's family - his son and daughter, Ideth and her husband and her brother, and her two cousins and their children - came back.

Liquid filled all of their eyes and spilled down their cheeks. Toothless knew what it was: tears. A representation of extreme sadness or happiness.

That day, sadness broke like a dam through the dragon.

Much to his surprise, he howled and roared and felt something hot and wet pouring down his own face; he was crying too. Suddenly, the room was too small and full of people. He needed to leave. He couldn't look at Hiccup any longer.

He ran out of the room as fast as he could, towards the forest, not thinking about where he was going, not caring.

_ That day, he roared bloody murder at everything and almost destroyed half of Berk's forest, wanting to make the trees and animals feel some small fraction of the unbearable pain he was feeling._

He torched trees, turning small birds and rodents to ash. He roared and wailed in pain - worse than any physical wound he had ever felt, worse than even getting his tailfin torn off and realizing he would never be able to fly again. Worse than facing the flames of the Red Death, or almost drowning in the water before the battle.

He screamed at the gods for their unfairness, screaming that they take him as well. He wanted to plunge off a cliff, have a dagger pierce his chest. Anything, _ANYTHING _would be better than this._

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He wound up at a familiar place - the Cove. Old, gray scales that he had shed was still there. A torn off tree branch and a thin stick lying next to a large boulder was still there. Memories hit him like that bola did so many nights ago, as harsh and real as it had been, but filled with much more happiness. A kind of terrible ache of happiness and sadness and longing built up inside of him, threatening to spill over and make him lose his mind.

One loud, clear thought filled his mind as he struggled to find something to take the pain away: _But, we will meet again. _One day, he would see Hiccup again. Somehow, in some way he would. That day would come, eventually.

That day, Berk and a Night Fury mourned. That day, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third died.

Berk held a magnificent funeral, and loaded their most beloved Chief onto a funeral pyre. Toothless lit it on fire. Once the wood and body had been turned into ash, the ashes rose in the air, carried along by the wind. The dragon thought it was fitting - up to his last weeks of life, Hiccup loved flying. Toothless vowed he would never fly again, until he was back with his boy.

A few months later, a couple weeks into winter, a gravestone was put in the graveyard, as per tradition. Inscribed on the stone was _The Rider of the Night Fury. _And underneath, _And His Night Fury's Friend._

If grief hadn't blocked out any sane thoughts from Toothless' mind,

he would've been honoured that the way his human would be defined as his rider, but anger mingled with his sadness.

Friend. The word didn't even hold the tiniest sliver to the bond he and Hiccup had shared - closer than even best friends. They were brothers, although of different blood and species. The dragon pushed down the urge to scream some more at the gods, and laid down with his head on his paws at Hiccup's gravestone.

They would meet again some day, and Toothless couldn't imagine waiting any longer than he had to. He refused to eat, refused to move. He didn't even light a fire to warm himself as the snow piled up. He was too heavy to move, despite Hiccup's two sons best efforts.

Within the winter, Toothless was gone.

Seeing as no one but the dead really knows what happens after someone leaves, nobody can say exactly what happened to the boy and his dragon. But on clear nights, sometimes the villagers of Berk swear they see a boy riding a dark dragon across the full moon, or faint laughter of a human and purring of a dragon in a secluded cove in the woods.

5. Dragonese

Dragon Drabbles

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><p>Dragonese

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><p>Hiccup was a good pupil - determined to master the language, and he could make most of the pronunciations right, but there was one word he was struggling with: Toothless' dragon name.<p>

"Arлуin," Hiccup repeated, unable to get exactly the correct pronunciation.

Toothless gave Hiccup a nudge in encouragement as Hiccup tried and failed again. "I just want to say it properly!" he said angrily, feeling frustration build up inside of him.

"I think that's enough for today." Valka stood up. "You've come very far Hiccup in a short amount of time - that in itself is an accomplishment."

Hiccup vaguely knew she was right, but kept trying long after she was gone. He couldn't get it right, and his frustration only built. "Harlin," Toothless garbled, nuzzling his hand. "It does not matter to me that you cannot pronounce my old name."

"But it's what your parents named you - it's important," His boy insisted, fluently conversing with Toothless in Dragonese. Valka was right; in only a week he had come a long way.

"Do you know what Harlin means?" The young man gave his dragon a

confused look. "It does not mean Hiccup - your name directly translated is Hikkep." Hiccup blinked in surprise. "Harlin means noble friend. You cared for me much more than my mother and father ever did. I am honoured to be called Toothless."

Hiccup felt his eyes get misty, and he hugged the dragon's thick neck. "Thanks," he said in Norse, for Toothless had told him he could actually understand the language. "_Toothless," _he added. Toothless leaned into the hug.

"No," Toothless corrected. "Thank _you." _

Hiccup smiled, grateful for a friend that he could now communicate with, have a conversation with. Toothless smiled, grateful for a friend that he could now console in his own tongue.

"Hey Toothless," Hiccup said, back in Dragonese.

"Yeah?"

"I love you bud." The fact that they loved each other - although always behind their actions, their sacrifices and decisions - had never been said outright by either of them, communication barriers aside. And now that Hiccup knew his best friend could understand him, and now that they could now hold a conversation, joy flooded through both of him, confidence laced in each of his words.

Toothless pushed Hiccup's palm onto his snout, just as confident and happy as he replied, "I love you too."

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><p>Based on a headcanon that Valka (who's most likely Hiccup's mom) knows Dragonese, and she teaches it to Hiccup.

6. Archer

Dragon Drabbles

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><p>Archer<p>

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><p>Nobody had seen it coming.<p>

Most people figured that after dragons were integrated on Berk, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third would just stick with them and not use a weapon. After all, all of the dragons were fiercely protective of him. Especially his Night Fury, Toothless. The boy, who had slowly become a man, would spend hours in the forge concocting new inventions to help them fly better - wind-resistant amour (whatever that meant), an auto-pilot tail (the blueprints confused even Gobber, who had been able to recreate Toothless' original tail almost five years ago) and a strange arrangement of leather wings - instead of learning weapons.

Others thought that Hiccup might take it upon himself to learn at

least one weapon decently, because of his protectiveness of Toothless, if any one ever captured the dragon. Perhaps a sword, or an okay ax throw. Even Fishlegs - a Viking measured by his berth and not skill, at least, not originally - could best Snotlout sometimes in a sword fight. Astrid had her axe, with Hiccup could lift at nineteen, but not throw far enough at a target. Snotlout preferred his sword with he had dubbed Hook Fang after his proud Nightmare. The twins absolutely loved to hit each other with their bludgeons.

However, Hiccup proved once again that he was as un-Viking like as possible. Much to the surprise of everyone in the village, Hiccup was a master archer.

Perhaps it was because he could finally use his dominant left hand, or because he used to spend hours on the Mangler, the machine that finally took down Toothless. Perhaps it was because he rode a Night Fury (_This thing never steals food, never shows itself - and most importantly, _never _misses_).

Of course, archery wasn't considered to be a great skill by the majority of the village. It was seen as cowardice; being away from the action and shooting at a distance. Not a Viking-like at all.

But like before with the dragons, Hiccup proved them wrong once again. His bow, perfectly crafted out of Loki tree and as black as his dragon's scales, with a unbreakable string that shimmered like gold, could shoot any arrow magnificently to it's target in a matter of seconds. The tips of his arrows were made out of Toothless' claws when they needed to be trimmed; it was unhealthy for them to get too long, as they found out with Nadders initially.

He was a sight to behold, riding on the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself roaring as he notched an arrow in his bow and let it fly to its mark in the middle of a raging battle of men and dragons. He looked even more regal than a Chief, the bright purple light of his dragon's fire lighting up his face.

The Battle of Lightning was the best example of this. It took place in a lightning storm, with booming thunder. The Outcasts had attacked when they thought Berk would vulnerable, but they couldn't have been more wrong.

Hiccup led the retaliation of Skrill Riders, and he was the most powerful with his arrows. He didn't miss once. After some time, with the storm still raging on, the Outcasts who had survived retreated back to their ships and sailed away.

News of the battle traveled quickly, and quickly the name deemed by the Outcasts of even just the bow made men shudder. The Night Bow, wielded by the Fury Rider.

7. Sleep

Sleep

* * *

><p>The pounding on the roof was louder than ever, and fourteen year

old Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III was sure his dragon was going to make the whole house fall apart.<p>

"Come on Toothless!" he groaned, knowing the night fury could hear him through the window in his room. The sun was barely rising on one of the first and rare days of spring on the Isle of Berk. "Five more minutes!"

The dragon stuck his head through the window with his large, green and frankly adorable eyes. Hiccup did his best not to look at them, especially when the dragon slid in through the window and started licking his head, moving all of his hair to one side.

"Fine," said the boy, caving in at last. "Fine, you useless reptile. Let's go flying." Toothless danced around the room in excitement as Hiccup slowly made his way out of bed, but the dragon held still along enough to let Hiccup get on the saddle. "You're just lucky my dad gets up even earlier than us, otherwise he would be ticked."

The duo flew out the window with ease, brisk, sharp hair slapping Hiccup in the face as he tried to smooth down his unwanted new hairdo. At least the morning flight was always a good way to make him wake up in the morning.

8. HTTYD Dragoncanons Part I

Dragon Drabbles

* * *

><p>Headcanons: Part 1<p>

[Purely what the title says]

* * *

><p>#1:<p>

Terrible Terrors were a favourite of Viking children, and there was at least one if not two in every household (since Terrors are the most social of the dragons). The vermin rate on Berk had never been lower, and it was scarce to see a rat or mouse anywhere in the village. However, the Terrors tend to be more family pets than an individual's dragon, since while most the of the children still love their family's terror dearly, they prefer to have a larger dragon to bond with and fly. Despite that, some Vikings, most who have a crippling fear of heights, have a Terror as their dragon.

#2:

The dagger Hiccup brought along with him to "kill" Toothless was the first one he ever successfully made and Gobber let him keep it. When Hiccup was relearning to swim with only one leg with Toothless in the cove after the Red Death battle, he managed to retrieve it.

#3:

One day when Snotlout was playfully teasing an irritated Hiccup after the battle, he snapped something about how dumb Snotlout was. Angry,

his cousin replied, "Why do you think that idiot?"

Hiccup shot back, "Because I can read."

Embarrassed, Snotlout left, mulling over the fact he couldn't read and was obviously not very good at hiding it ("Why read words when you can just kill the stuff the words tell you stuff about?") until Fishlegs came over and learned what happened. The hefty boy then volunteered to teach Snotlout how to read.

It was a slow process, and when Hiccup came to apologize the next day for crossing a line the two were just getting into the basics. Hiccup helped Snotlout as well, lending him some of the books from his room.

#4:

When Hiccup and Fishlegs were younger, they were friends. As they grew up and Hiccup messed up and Fishlegs filled out, they grew apart, but Fishlegs only showed pleasure at the twins and Snotlout bullying the scrawny boy out of peer pressure and the want to be accepted. But he never joined in with it, and when Gobber told him to stop talking on the first day of dragon training about the Gronckle, he whispered, "Jaw strength eight," to Hiccup, hoping to help him.

#5:

When the twins were little, they would always fantasize about somehow leaving Berk and going on a great adventure. As always, they argued about when they would go and where would they go and what would they do, but there was one thing they never argued about, one thing they silently agreed on: They would go together.

And when Ruffnut was old and gray, she reached up to touch Tuffnut's gray, braided hair and smirked. "I'm going to go on the next great adventure before you," she bragged, her breathe short and wheezy.

Tuffnut smiled, blinking rapidly. "We were supposed to go together," he playfully whined.

His twin smiled. "Don't worry you old sot; I'll wait for you. Just don't be late."

#6:

Nadders were extremely picky about the material their saddles were made out of. Astrid did at least two weeks of extra chores in order to afford the finest leather in town for Stormfly's saddle. And she made sure the dragon was as far away from Trader Johan's ship as possible - who knew how expensive the leather was in there.

#7:

Toothless never went back to try to find his old Night Fury pack. As far as they were concerned, he was a traitor for befriending a human. He didn't mind though. Hiccup was more his family than even his parents ever were, and the boy was all he needed to be

happy.

#8:

Astrid wanted to name she and Hiccup's firstborn something like Curlblood, but Hiccup ruled against it, saying he refused to allow his son to be called something as Viking as that. After all, this child would grow up to be a dragon rider, not a killer by nature.

In the end, when the baby was a girl, they named her Asha. Deadly, destructive, yet a dragon rider's name.

* * *

><p>AN: If any of you wonderful readers have any prompts, or headcanons of yours that you would like me to write out (and I would give you credit, of course) feel free to leave them in a review. Also, many of my headcanons will probably contradict others, so do whatever you like. Also, Number Seven is only partially canon for my story The Second Night Fury (hinthintwinkwink). Also, chapter six is almost done. :)_

Please review.

9. DRAGONHEART: Future Story

****DRAGONHEART****

Prologue for a future story of mine. Tell me if it sounds intriguing. Thanks!

* * *

><p>This, is NÃ³tt.<p>

Its a few degrees west of Hopeless from Berk, and seven days south of the Ill-Advised Islands. We have hunting, fishing, and beautiful mountains to fly around. It is the place I never planned on returning to.

The main problem is the colony of dragons living here. While most places have Deadly Nadders or Gronckles, we haveâ€¦ Night Furies, which may sound strange as I am one.

Fate is cruel that way. My abandoned home, the only possible sanctuary for the human that my race would seek to destroy. My race will see me as a traitor for befriending a humanâ€¦ But if I had to tell them what I had done nowâ€¦

None of them will understand how much I hate myself for it.

Despite the fact I wanted to be with Hiccup for as long as possible â€œ human lives are short in comparison to dragons' â€œ I never even considered trying the process. It would mean risking his life, and it wasn't a risk I was prepared to take.

No human has ever been a Dragonheart.

Until now.

10. Warmth

Warmth

* * *

><p>A high-pitched wailing filled the air, rousing an irritated Night Fury from his much needed sleep. Blasting the launching-weapon-stands the humans made all night was hard work, and within two weeks they were always rebuilt, over and over again.<p>

The Night Fury raised his head, his ear plates flicking towards where the noise was coming from. It was off towards the human's settlement. He tried ignoring it for a few moments, but found he couldn't. It was grating against his sensitive hearing - he had to find the root of it and quiet whatever it was down.

He shook the snow off himself - winter in Berk lasted for the majority of the year - before soaring into the sky. His head whipped around as he flew pleasantly, the morning breeze bringing sweet scents to his nose, looking for what was making the sound.

He circled downwards carefully towards it until he was only a few feet away, near a small hill. Something very tiny wrapped in brown cloth was on top of the hill. He trudged forwards, doing his best to block out the sound, sniffing with interest.

The sound the something was producing quieted as he approached with curious eyes. It was a very tiny human with large green eyes and the tiniest patch of bright red fur on its head. It made a gurgling sound of interest as it looked up at him with wide eyes.

The humans must have left this baby on the hill. He knew humans did that sometimes, if they deemed a baby too weak, if it survived the day on the hill top they would bring it back and raise it, he supposed. Weak dragon offspring didn't make it beyond their first year. Survival of the strong was key to both races.

The baby opened its mouth and started crying again as soon as it lost interest in the great black dragon. It must be cold, he realized. The winds on Berk were always chilly, and humans didn't have the same central heating that dragons possessed.

The upset baby provoked a small amount of sympathy in the Night Fury, and he desperately wanted it to shut up so he could sleep in peace - the next raid was coming fairly soon, since the Queen got even hungrier before spring arrived.

Reluctantly, he curled his body around it. It slowly stopped crying as he did so, his warmth sending even the snow to be less frozen. With the baby quiet, the Night Fury quickly fell asleep, although ready to wake and leave at a moment's notice. He realized that sleeping with the baby actually wasn't all that bad.

Not that he liked it or anything.

Much later on in the day, around dusk, the Night Fury awoke to voices. "Let's see if tha baby survived. They'll be disappointed if

he didn't."

"Shush Gobber; now hurry up," said a second man.

"I'm comin' as fast as a man wit one leg can Spitelout," said the first man dryly.

The Night Fury quickly unwrapped himself from around the infant and took off, hiding himself in the clouds, but remained near the area to see what would happen to the baby - it wasn't like he cared or anything, he was quick to assure himself.

"Well I'll be," said the man called Spitelout. "I didn't expect the thing to make it. So Gothi, what's his name?"

There was silence and Toothless risked a glance down - an old woman was drawing symbols in the snow.

Gobber answered the question before Toothless took off. "Says his name'll be Hiccup."

* * *

><p>AN: Recent headcanon of mine. Also, for those who thought the last chapter seemed intriguing, you can easily find the story in the 'My Stories' portion of my profile. Enjoy and please review!**

11. Must Be Nice

Must Be Nice

* * *

><p>"Astrid might be on to something."

"Easy for you to say, your dragon can't go anywhere without you."

"Must be nice."

- Hiccup, Tuffnut and Ruffnut - Gift of the Night Fury

* * *

><p>Ruffnut brought the hammer down onto the nail, successfully keeping the newest shield addition to the Snoggletog tree in place. With her task done, she looked towards her brother, just a bit away, who was still busy and looking away. Snickering to herself, she prepared herself to throw the hammer - with the right aim, it would land on his helmet. Maybe his face, if he turned her way - perfect.<p>

"Hey Ruffnut!"

Startled, the Viking girl whirled around and lost her footing. For a moment, she expected one of her Zippleback heads to come catch her before remembering the dragons had all flown away almost two days ago. She landed painfully on her back and when she opened her eyes,

she saw an angry Astrid standing over her. Her brother was roaring with laughter, and after giving him her deluxe I'll-Kill-You-Later glare, she turned to the other girl.

"I hope you're happy with yourself," Astrid snapped.

Ruffnut gave her a confused look. "What?"

"Thanks to you and your idiot brother, Hiccup is now a mess. I couldn't get him out of bed this morning. Not even after I threatened to throw him out the window if he didn't."

"And Toothless let that threat go?" Ruffnut may not have been the sharpest arrow in the quiver, but she still knew that Toothless didn't like anything or anyone threatening to harm his rider, even if they were joking. She picked up her hammer from the ground - maybe she could still hit her brother?

Astrid's scowl was pulled into a frown and she tucked her bangs away from her eyes. "Toothless is gone, Ruffnut."

"_What?!_" For the second time that day she dropped her hammer, but this time it narrowly missed her foot. "What do you mean gone?" Ever since Hiccup had gotten back to Berk, even while still in his coma, for the past nine months, she had never seen the dragon willingly leave Hiccup's side. Maybe once or twice, for maybe half an hour at most.

"Because of what you and Tuff said, Hiccup made Toothless a new tail so he could fly on his own and gave it to him. And Toothless flew away." Astrid narrowed her eyes. "So I hope you're delighted with what you've done." Astrid's look became more sad than angry, and she stalked off, perhaps to try to get Hiccup out of bed again.

Ruffnut, meanwhile, felt something in her chest constrict. Odin's ghost... Poor Hiccup. But her surprise overcame her unhappiness. Fully aware that all the dragons had left, and with no clue where they had gone, Hiccup had still put what Toothless wanted ahead of his own wants.

"Muttonhead!" she yelled up to her brother. "I need to talk to you now!"

They needed to go and apologize - in the Viking way of course, a quick sympathetic look and maybe a punch to the shoulder - right away.

12. A How To Train Your Dragon 2 Review

****A "How To Train Your Dragon 2" Review****

I know this isn't a story, nor a drabble, but I went to an advanced screening of HTTYD2 this morning and only now do I have time to get it all out. So, without further ado, and only mild spoilers if you've kept up with the trailers, here is my review:

HOLY. CRAP.

This movie was everything it should have been and more. It did feel a

little rushed - but hey, that might've just been because I was freaking out inside and trying to absorb as much as possible in the 105 minute runtime. Or, if the pacing was a little rushed, I can easily look past that. There was a lot in this movie in terms of story, but overall it was original (more original than the first, story-wise) and told well.

So, onto relationships... Hiccup/Astrid was well dealt with - it was in the background mostly, but they had some good scenes and honestly, there wasn't a lot of space to have it be a major focus when it didn't need to be. Shippers will be pleased all the same.

Stoick/Valka was rather bittersweet, because they were apart for so long before finally being together again. They were perfect, though. The love they have for each other - perfectly conveyed.

**[**POSSIBLE SPOILERS:** Hiccup and Valka's relationship was really sweet too.]]**

Things got a little blurry, of course, at some parts. I thought the action scenes were fantastic - just the angles and everything was amazing - completely stunning in 3-D, which I highly recommend (provided you can see through tears well, although my eyes were far drier than I had expected).

**[**POSSIBLE SPOILERS:** One really intense thing happened and I cried for at least 10 - 15 minutes. I had gone into the movie already sort of prepared, but seeing it happen was heartbreaking.]]**

The way Hiccup and Toothless' relationship was handled was absolutely PERFECT. It was so nice, for a decent chunk of the movie, to see them simply being friends. The little ways they help, support, tease and worry about each other. (There was this one, REALLY brief moment that made me completely MELT. ^-^)

**[**POSSIBLE SPOILERS: **But Dean and the 'Empire Article' did talk about testing their relationship and boy do they ever...]]**

Drago, Valka and Eret were smart, great contributions to the cast of characters. And everyone was in character the whole time - so yay!

All in all, this movie was fantastic. Have a tissue box, your celebratory yaknog and dragon ready - it's almost time to party, Hairy Hooligans!

13. HTTYD2 Review:Now With Spoilers, Beware!

A "How To Train Your Dragon 2" Review Part II

-MAJOR-****SPOILERS-SPOILERS-DO-NOT-READ-UNLESS-YOU-HAVE-SEEN-HTTYD2-
-IN-WHICH-CASE-COME-CRY-WITH-ME-****

* * *

><p>*deep breath*<p>

I just got back from seeing HTTYD2 for the second time. And it was even better.

Looking back on it, the first showing was a blur. I was so emotional - especially because I hadn't known I was going to see it that day. So, do not fear fellow Hooligans, the pacing's fine and awesome. However, you should still be afraid. In the two weeks that have passed since my first showing, the only real HTTYD thing I've been able to watch was GotNF. I don't think I'll be able to watch the original for at least a couple of days.

So let's divide this uber long review into sections, shall we?

**** - Events - ****

The First Ten (Roughly) Minutes:

I loved what was roughly the first ten minutes. Seeing Berk five years later, now so full of colour and happiness and dragon-riding Vikings is such a treat. While seeing all of the changes to Berk, it also shows how much the Hooligans love their dragons, just in general (which makes things more painful later, of course.)

"Dragon Racing" is the most first-filmesque track in the new score, a lighter, happier version of "This Is Berk" with a couple of changes. I loved this scene; it was great to see all the teens - now so much older, and their designs are FANTASTIC - interacting, not only with each other and with their dragons. This movie had some really good Stormfly-Astrid stuff, which was a treat, considering the TV show, not that it's perfect, of course, didn't focus on them hardly at all. The onesided affections of Fishlegs and Snotlout to Ruffnut is hilarious and seems in character. Made me laugh pretty hard.

I had the stupidest grin on my face when I saw My Boys flying across the ocean. The one shot, where you just see them flying as their tiny selves with the ocean below them and the huge expanse of blue sky above them is simply gorgeous and gives such a taste of freedom that's breathtaking. Although initially a little worried about having a song with lyrics in the film here, "Where No One Goes" is perfect. It's such a joyful, upbeat song that pays homage to the beautiful melodies Powell incorporated into the first film, with Forbidden Friendship lending its tune as the beat, and Test Drive as an added bonus.

When they arrive on the inappropriately named Itchy Armpit island, after Toothless saves Hiccup from a near miss with a rock pillar by wrapping him in his wings (more parallels!) I loved that the pillar collapses in the background. Hiccup's just like, "Just another day," and Toothless is like "Hiccup, we just destroyed that thing you idiot!"

Cuteness ensues and doesn't stop with the arrival of Astrid and Stormfly. Astrid's such a good, supportive girlfriend and it allows Hiccup to voice his worries. Stormfly and Toothless are also hilariously playing in the background. Once again, near the end of the scene, there's a great call back to their relationship in the first film; Astrid punches him, then kisses him.

Dying from overdose of cuteness of my BROTP and one of my

ships.

Haddock Family Scenes:

I honestly don't think Valka could've been given a better entrance. It's perfect for the way she is, before revealing her identity. It's also interesting that Hiccup thinks it's his dad at first, and he isn't entirely wrong: it's simply another parent instead.

All of the scenes between Hiccup and Valka, especially "Flying With Mother" and the other scene that followed it - they were both so excited about dragons, it was adorable. And Hiccup simply glowed once his parents were together, and all through "For the Dancing and the Dreaming."

Stoick and Valka together were so sweet - their love for each other felt so real, tender and very beautiful, since they had been apart for so long. Stoick absolutely adores her, and she him. And just the way the film ends with Hiccup and Valka and the funeral and afjaoifjalkfs...

No movie has ever made me more emotionally distraught, and it's largely due to this perfect, imperfect family.

The Battle Scenes:

These battle scenes are so beautiful I don't think I'll ever be able to do them justice. I'm a sucker for big battle scenes, and the fact that this had two of them was fantastic. They're just awe inspiring and gorgeous to look at. The shots and angles, the _flying _and the fact there's so much going on that you almost feel a little overwhelmed (saw it in 3D this time too) but it's in the best way possible and...

Also the parallels between the way Stoick is like the good Alpha of Berk, and falls too. Just the way he helps Valka, and all of the dragons, and the gang, and Eret, and Drago - and just everything.

Watching these, much like the first time you see the Dragon Sanctuary in all its glory, you will be quoting Hiccup: "I don't have the words."

Stoick's Death:

Even though I didn't cry as much this time, Stoick's death is almost more heartbreaking because it's just so _raw and painful in every freaking way. _And Hiccup pushes Toothless away and Toothless just looks so _hurt _but as soon as his dragon is in trouble Hiccup is yelling his name and struggling to get to him and afjlfjafjpadffjfsk... i am dead.

Also, a thing I picked up from is that they actually mention Stoick dying quite a bit. "I thought I'd have to die to have that dance again," after dancing with Valka. (so many tears during "For the Dancing and the Dreaming.") "It takes more than fire to kill me!"

Like I don't think I can describe how much this has emotionally devastated me; like I think I'm still in denial that it happened.

Like a future without Stoick hasn't fully been comprehended by my brain and yet I'm still grieving and just holy crap man.

Once it fully sets in, I think I'll cry as much as the first time. And I think it'll happen soon - maybe after the third or fourth showing.

Speaking of tears, I cried this time at "For the Dancing and the Dreaming." Their joy and happiness at being together - for a few hours, maybe seven, at most - after being separated at 20 years and you know what's coming but for a minute you just think of how happy they were, how happy they would've been and just...

Bring tissues. Lots and lots of tissues.

The funeral was harder this time too. Gobber's speech; heartbreaking. All of the teens cry, as does Valka and it's just - my heart is still repairing itself, as if it'll ever fully recover.

Seeing Hiccup cry broke me the first time, and it got me ever more this time. It's just so hard to see because this is the kid who didn't cry even at fifteen after first realizing his leg was gone. But he isn't a kid anymore, and this was part of him growing up.

His conversation with his mother was perfect and sad and everything it should've been. He may be a hero, but he is also human and he knows what needs to be done and that he needs to do it. Although Stoick's death leaves the mantle of Chief empty, Hiccup still steps up to it on his own terms. He understands what's being asked of him, that he can do it, and even if he can't, he has to at least try.

"A Chief protects his own. We're going back."

Back to save his people, his home, and his dragon. Which brings us nicely to the stunning conclusion...

The Ending:

Okay, a bit of a story time: When the last three soundtracks of the movie was released, after listening for a while (I'm still particularly fond of "Toothless Found") I wondered what the last track's name, "Two New Alphas", could mean. Since I was already suspecting that Stoick might die in the film (before, I was saying, oh it'll be okay. Stupid past me it is anything but okay) I figured Hiccup was one of the 'alphas' mentioned. And I had already pegged that Drago's Bewilderbeast would end up killing Valka's at one point, so that left the dragon alpha position open...

Thinking is was simply wishful thinking, I excitedly thought, 'Ooh, what if it's Toothless? Then they would be co-rulers of dragons and men, that would be so epic!'

It was even better than I thought. The touch scene parallel had me crying. This is a wound that will take time to heal on both of their parts, but this is what solidified for me that Hiccup and Toothless are brothers, if not closer, and they can overcome anything. There is hurt that wasn't there before, but there is still more love than hurt. They love each other unconditionally. (Definition of unconditional love: affection with no limits or conditions; complete love).

They are my favourite friendship EVER. (Maybe even more than the friendship in Harry Potter.) _They love each other unconditionally and _this was only proven when Toothless challenged the Alpha to protect Hiccup. Seeing him stand over Hiccup's body made my heart swell, because all the while there's surely a little voice in Toothless' head (_little dragons don't challenge big dragons) _but he ignored them because he loves Hiccup so much.

The fact that Hiccup's eyes are brimmed lightly with tears while Toothless is still enslaved and he's talking to him ("You would never hurt him. You would never hurt me.") just completed everything. So yeah, I cried. A LOT.

Seeing Hiccup become Chief was so satisfying and I loved the end of the movie. It had great parallels to the beginning of this one, and to the ending of the first film. EX: "The food that grows here is tough, and tasteless. The people that grow here are even more so." - "Those who attack us are relentless, and crazy. But those who fight against them - ooh, even more so."

So yeah, I loved everything. But now to talk about my favourite part: the Hicctoath.

The Overarching Hicctoath:

Their love for one another was just so prominent in everything they did, and every time they were around each other. Their joy at flying together, Toothless keeping Hiccup safe so many times, Hiccup being so concerned when he's ripped away from his dragon. His lingering guilt about Toothless' tail, but confirmation that they're both aware of their hand in each other's crippling. The fact that Toothless nudges Hiccup's arm when his rider looks guilty so sweet. Their little reunion when Valka brings Toothless out, still shrouded in mystery and having not yet revealed her identity.

Toothless causing Hiccup to trip with his tail. XD The 'feeding time' scene when Toothless looks to Hiccup to get the go-ahead to go crazy with catching fish in his mouth.

Hiccup telling Toothless to go away but still wanting to help him when Toothless gets taken by Drago.. :'''''(

The forehead touch scene; the TOUCH SCENE PARALLEL HOLY CRAP.

Pretty much every time they looked at each other, I swear.

Characters:

Eret: I really liked Eret's character and his arc was great, actually. The burn he reveals he got from Drago really shows that he's loyal out of fear, so when he's shown kindness by Stormfly it makes sense that it really affects him. There's lots of more subtle nuances to look for with him, so if you can during at least one showing, pay special attention to him.

Drago: I loved Drago even more this time around, which was fantastic. I was a little worried he was going to seem a little weak in comparison to everything else, but he was even stronger. It's also

an interesting parallel that seconds after he loses his metal hand/shroud thing for his left arm, his Bewilderbeast loses its left tusk... (God I love parallels and there WAS SO MANY!) I'm not sure if Drago will survive and be a villain for the next movie, perhaps, since the Bewilderbeast went off into the water and it is a Tidal class. However, I'll talk a little bit more on HTTYD3 speculation near the end of this review.

I loved everyone else so much, I don't think I would ever stop talking (looking at you Valka, you perfect dragon lady, you)

**** - Favourite Quotes - ****

"A man who kills without reason cannot be reasoned with."

"Get 'em you son of Eret!"

"Actually, I'm the one who... shot him down. It's okay though, he got me back! Eh bud, just couldn't save all of me could you, you just had to make it even? So peg leg!"

"You're as beautiful as the day I lost you."

"For you my dear, anything."

"How could someone be that great, that brave... that selfless. But I guess, I have to try."

"You never cease to amaze me; thank you."

"We have _our dragons!_"_
>

And a million others that I still haven't memorized.

**** - Sequel Speculation - ****

Right now, I think the ending of HTTYD2 could lead to two different scenarios.

_#1) _Drago dies but the Bewilderbeast survives and starts to tell other dragons about the cruelty of his master, and how other humans (Berk) ride the dragons. Dragon rebellion starts to happen.

_#2) _Drago survives and begins to try to amass a Night Fury army, thinking that it will make him unstoppable. Dean DeBlois did say we would learn more about Night Furies before the movies were over, and they established at least three times in the film that Night Furies are extremely rare and Toothless may be the last one. So either they'll be lots of Night Furies or none at all...

* * *

><p>Dang, this got ridiculously long. Sorry for that. :P So, what did you guys think? Favourite partslines, sequel speculation? Most heartbreaking scenes? Lemme know the review box below!

Happy dragoning, Hooligans!

End
file.